

Clara Keane

The Chatterbox

Volume II

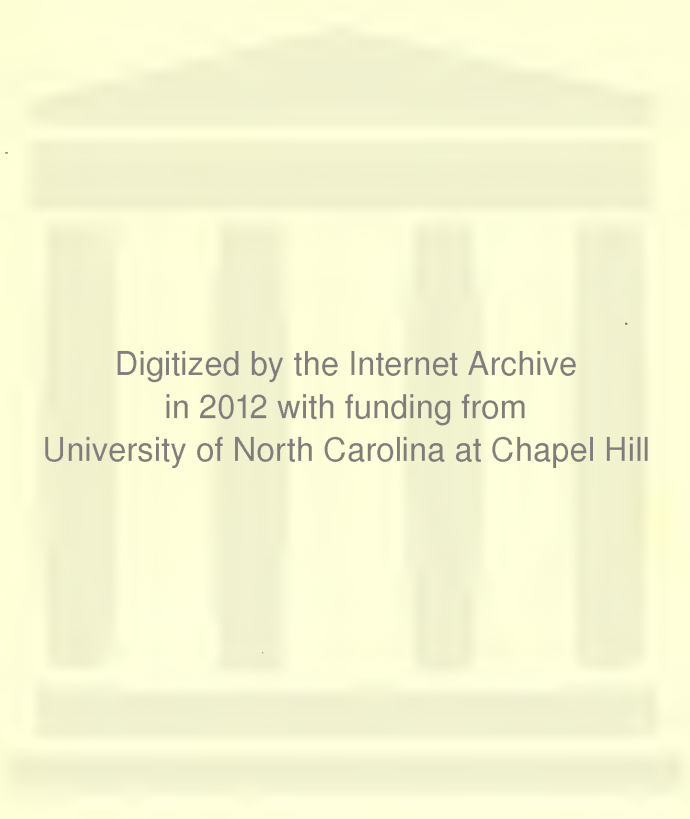
Number 3



JANUARY, 1908

LITTLETON COLLEGE

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The Chatterbox.

VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1908.

No. 3.

Literary Department.

A Study of Some of the Principal Characters in Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar."

M. F. M., '08.

The greatest of all English writers, and universally so acknowledged, Shakespeare is greatest of all in his ability to portray human character. There may be some characters in his works that we do not admire, but we find just these people in every day life. He has a keen insight into the human heart; he sees the good and bad, the high and low side of man's nature, and he shows this greatness in all his dramas. In "Julius Cæsar" we find some of the greatest men of the age; we see greatness, brilliancy and loyalty going hand in hand with conspiracy, jealousy and strife.

I will say in the beginning that Cassius is not wholly good, perhaps less admirable than any other principal character in the play, yet with his faults there are redeeming qualities which we can not help admiring. First, he is clever and keen in all his dealings with his fellow-man. He is a statesman and a man of strong character, who perhaps might have done great good for his country had not his plans and ideas always been selfish ones. He knows and feels his own greatness; he feels a pride and satisfaction in knowing that he has power to move even the great and honorable Brutus. I

admire a man, who, even though he may take a stand for the wrong, is firm in the stand he has taken, and thus we find Cassius. He is a strong republican and stands for the cause even till the very last, and though he is defeated, his fall is a glorious one. We feel that Cassius was a man of power and strength, not always loyal perhaps, but ever firm in carrying out his own plans.

Anthony, Cæsar's true friend, was perhaps not so great or good as Brutus, yet I admire him for his brilliancy. He has been true and loyal to Cæsar while Cæsar lived, and I think he was perfectly sincere in his grief when he found that Cæsar had been killed. He is certainly a great orator, one who can control the mass of people, and he did this in his great speech after Cæsar's death. With one accord they turned from Brutus to Anthony and were ready to do his bidding. Anthony, too, has a great mind and a strong character.

After studying each of these men separately, I have left the greatest till last. Why Brutus appeals to me as he does I can hardly tell. To begin with, Brutus is incomparable in depth of character. He is one of nature's noblemen—the man of stainless honor. Shakespeare has told us that

“ His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world ‘ This was a man ! ’ ”

I find this to be true ; we praise some men for being great poets, philosophers or orators, but the greatest praise that can be given to Brutus is to say that he was a man ! Moulton says, “ Weak men sin by hiding from themselves what it is they do,” but in this case we find Brutus aware of the deed in its worst light ; he says—

“ O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free ? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage ? ”

Brutus thought not of himself, but of his country when he joined the conspiracy against Cæsar. Not that he loved Casar less, but that he loved Rome more. He was a Stoic, but he was an idealist as well. He did not fear death or punishment; he was strong, noble and generous. Casca speaks the mind of all the people when he says—

“ O, he sits high in all the people’s hearts;
And that which would appear offense in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.”

Brutus, being so involved in his country’s welfare, may appear to lack that tenderness and sympathy that helps to make the better side of man more complete; but even in this Brutus is not lacking. While his religion has taught him to endure pain without a murmur, it does not take from him the kindness that is due his companions and even servants. He is always kind and loving to his most worthy helpmate; he is patient and even tender as he speaks to his little page. This side of Brutus’s nature is not brought out so plainly as his bravery, daring and ever resolute spirit; nevertheless it is there.

I think Brutus is one of the strongest and most admirable of the characters found in Shakespeare’s works. Who doubts his innocence, loyalty, honor and greatness when, looking back on his whole life, he says:

“ My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man, but he was true to me.”

What's a Twin Without the Other?

M. A. H.

Whenever you step inside the front door of a house you may perceive a characteristic atmosphere. I do not mean that there is, of necessity, an *odor*,—as of onions, or otherwise,—but, rather, an atmosphere æsthetic, (positively or negatively), an air of luxury or of squalor, of disorder or of neatness, of dissension or of content.

That there was this perceptible atmosphere in the home of a certain family in question was undeniable. From attic to cellar one was aware of things out of place, of things lost. Now, one of Father's slippers was missing and was rescued from the wash-bowl, where it was serving as the ark for Mr. Noah and family. Now, Mother's jewelled necklace might be seen adorning the midline of the kitten's anatomy, the pendants dancing joyously as the victim fled to escape. Now, Spinster Great Aunt would trip on the woolly lamb left on the stairway, and there would be indignant, under-the-breath mutterings of "my delicate nerves," and "when *I* was a child!" And again, Biddy of the Emerald Isle would tear her coppery hair in a wild search for the rolling-pin, which would make such a *jolly* noise when dropped down the back stairs! But this atmosphere of "things out of place" was the most beautiful in the world, for the disorder was that of care-free Babydom, and in this particular case of—the Twins,—the Twin and the Other One!

And now the *Other One* was lost!

The Twin toddled disconsolately through the house seeking his double, for what is a twin without the other half of him, especially when with aforesaid other half has disappeared the Teddy Bear?

"What's the matter, Twin?" asked the Mother.

"Ovver One dawn," drawled the Twin, trudging on without turning his head.

"Other One gone? Let's find him." The Mother's proffered hand, symbolic of unfailing assistance, was not to be scorned.

Upstairs, downstairs, in and out, they searched, at first merrily, and then more anxiously, for although long lost treasures, ranging from the rolling-pin to the necklace, turned sheepish faces to the light, the Other One was not to be found.

"He's lost."

"Lost?" cried the Spinster Great Aunt, her stiff curls bobbing tremulously. "Oh, my poor nerves! Why he must have been misplaced, or—kidnapped! Such a pity. A beautiful child. Such a pity."

The Mother bit her lips. The Spinster Great Aunt had such a consoling way of stating matters.

"Lost, is it," queried the red-headed Queen of the Kitchen, ascending from her domain, drying her dish-watery hands on her apron. "Sure, an' *Oi'll* be afther afoindin' him. Him and the Twin was in the kitchen and come up here but the minnit ago."

But what couldn't a three-year-old do in a minute!

"Arrah! wud ye look!" ejaculated Biddy. She pointed to the window. The Twin was looking up and down the fire-escape, searchingly.

"All dawn," he sighed.

"Sure, an' it's fell outen the window he has! An' beloike, he's smashed on the pavement below! Arrah coleen," she cried compassionately, throwing her arm around the pale, little Mother, "Oi didn' mane it. It ain' thrue. Fur if it wuz, his little corpse wud be shattered on the sidewalk, an' look ye, misthress, there ain' no sign nor shadow on him."

And with this delicate reassurance she sought to comfort the Mother.

"My suggestion is the most plausible," insisted the Spinster Great Aunt. "You'll find that some bold ruffian has gagged him, clapped him into a sack, and carried him, by this time, miles away. A beautiful child. Such a pity," she reiterated sadly.

The Mother pulled herself together resolutely. Action was necessary. The Father must be notified.

"Madison 1313," she called into the telephone. "1313? Working on the line. Call up in half an hour," rattled Central glibly. And in the receiver there sounded only the whir of crossed wires. Half an hour! As well a century.

"Sure, an' the number's unlucky. But don't ye fret. Oi'll run over to the public school where me brother, Little Moike, is recoitin' his lissous. Oi'd not be afther intherruptin' his eddication, ginerally, fur it's Unoited Shtates President he's aimin' to be. But Oi'll sind him down to the office where me man, Big Moike, is janitor. Bedad, an' the foine buildin' it is, to be sure." She swelled with reflected pride. "An' Big Moike, he'll go to the masther. Arrah, an' it's no throuble at all, at all."

And the good soul disappeared.

The Mother was almost distracted meanwhile. She scoured the neighborhood, inquiring at all possible and impossible places alike, but returned, still alone, to the house. The kidnapping solution grew in probability.

Evidently the two Mikes had fulfilled their mission, for within an hour the telephone was keeping up a rapid succession of rings. The Father would be home soon—The police had been notified and were already on the search—Officers were at the railroad station to follow up any suspicious-looking scoundrel who might, perchance, be smuggling a stolen child out of the city—A detective was on the way to the house to gain further particulars. The neighbors organized a volunteer searching party. And if town criers had been

still in vogue one would certainly have been sent out to ring his bell and cry: "Boy lost! Boy lost!" through the streets.

There was hope in action, but the afternoon wore on and many of the searchers assembled in the saddened home to tell of fruitless journeyings.

The Spinster Great Aunt took up her knitting with trembling fingers. Such disturbances racked her nerves woefully. After all, children were a great burden, and, somehow, superfluous to a well-ordered household.

The Twin fretted up and down the house, whining in a discontented, baby monotone. He wanted the Other One, the rest of himself, and he wanted the Teddy Bear. No one heeded him. There was none to laugh with him, or to applaud his funny capers. What is life without some one to knock down, and roll over? And his afternoon lunch had been forgotten, and it was growing dark, and he was hungry. It was becoming unbearable. He hadn't even the Teddy Bear to console him. The woolly lamb looked up at him appealingly from the toy corner, as if to offer herself as a substitute. He gave her an impatient little kick. He was being abused and shamefully treated on all sides, and, as is frequently the case when one's philosophizing brings one to the stage of self-pity, two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

Suddenly he stopped and rubbed the tears from his eyes, while over his face spread a strange expression of recollection and enlightenment. He trotted to the back stairs, and, chest downward, bumpety-bump slid down to the kitchen.

As Bidy, red-eyed and sobbing, making a brave attempt to prepare the dinner, felt the little fellow tugging at her skirts, she caught him up convulsively, with a sob from the depth of her Irish heart. But he wriggled away, eel-like, and pounded on the dumb-waiter door.

"Open," he cried eagerly.

"Oi'll be openin' it soon, darlint. The dinner ain't quite riddy, intoirely. Poor hungry wan!"

But, "Open!" he commanded, stamping his little foot.

"Innything to please ye, sor," and the door was flung open. She jumped back with a startled cry, first of alarm and then of unspeakable relief, for there, in the great tray of the dumb-waiter, lay the Other One, fast asleep and hugging the big Teddy Bear.

"Me did it! me did it!" sang the Twin raptucously, pounding his double into consciousness, and then, for the benefit of the wonder-struck Biddy, illustrating by pantomime (for the Other One would not allow an actual repetition of the feat), just how he had shoved the little fellow in and banged the door, a few hours since—it seemed a century! And now the two danced up and down together in high glee.

"Sure, an' it's a-wallopin' ye both Oi'd be afther a-doin'," cried Biddy angrily, in a sudden reaction of emotion.

But the Twin and the Other One toddled out and scrambled hastily up the stairs, each tugging at a leg of the long-suffering Ted.

Biddy hurried after them, sobbing reverently,

"The Saints be praised!"

The Character of Macbeth.

H. EARNHARDT, '08.

History and observation teach us that crime is not courage, but, rather, cowardice. We find in all instances that the criminal lacks the courage that is founded on a clear conscience. Watch a criminal closely and you will find that his very soul is filled with deceit, fear and anxiety. And Macbeth, whom it is my wish to write of, was no exception to this rule. Some think that Macbeth was not the leading criminal in the murder of Duncan; but that he was urged on to crime by the weird sisters and Lady Macbeth. Let us see, however, what part each one took in the crime.

On reading the story over, Macbeth's desire to become king seems to be dated from his meeting with the weird sisters on the heath, when they hailed him as "thane of Cawdor," and "king that shall be hereafter." But let us look more closely into the scene. Mark what Banquo says to Macbeth, when the witches speak: "Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear things that do sound so fair?" And in truth, why did he fear? This was not the first time that Macbeth had thought of being king. His was the start of guilt. He had before this been planning to get possession of the kingdom, and he was frightened when he thought that some one else knew it besides himself. And, too, when he found that the weird sisters had spoken true concerning his being thane of Cawdor, it did not follow that he should commit some great crime so as to get possession of the throne. In the first place, he did not have to commit crime to become thane of Cawdor, and if he had not been a criminal in thought already, this message would not have suggested crime to him at all: for it was as possible for him to be king as it had been to be thane

of Cawdor. And look at him, after he leaves the witches, before he even sees his wife, in the presence of the king, fawning, flattering and scraping; but all the while he hates the king in his heart, and only waits for a chance to stab him. For he proves this when turning aside from the king he says:

“Stars, hide your fires!

Let no light see my black and deep desires.”

And, too, let us see Lady Macbeth's part in the crime. We find that the idea of murder is first suggested to her by Macbeth's letter. It is true that afterward she takes the leading part in the murder, but that is not because she is more wicked than Macbeth, but that she is more determined, and has more strength of nerve than her husband. Look at Lady Macbeth, she never for one moment loses her courage—always calm, always self-possessed, and always daring. Her manner is not that of a criminal at all, while Macbeth, on the other hand, is the very opposite. His every action shows that he is a criminal. When he said to Lady Macbeth—“We will proceed no further into this business”—it was not because he did not want to commit the crime, but because he was afraid to. He was a coward. If Lady Macbeth had offered, then, to kill Duncan, Macbeth would not have said, “We will not do it”—he would have turned completely, and Lady Macbeth could not have committed the crime fast enough for him. That would have been just the thing he wanted; he could then have a clear conscience and the throne, too: while he would never have given a thought to his wife—so very selfish was his nature.

And we can not blame Lady Macbeth for her cutting words when he tries to back out. Look at him as he sits there white with fear—and with that hellish purpose still in his soul! What can be more detestable than to see a man when he is not a man!

And again, take them after the murder. Lady Macbeth, so far as we can see, leads a blameless life; while Macbeth sinks deeper and deeper into sin and shame.

Of course there can be no doubt as to who was the real criminal in the murder of Duncan. We see that the weird sisters had but a small part in it; and Lady Macbeth, it is true, was not an ideal woman by a great deal—yet there are a great many things in her character which we can admire. While her husband, Macbeth, so far as he lets us see, has not even so much as a pure thought.

“Hosea.”

M. LAMB.

“The word of the Lord came to Hosea in the days of Jeroboam, son of Joash, King of Israel,” in about the year 800 B. C. Hosea’s personal life supplies the key to his teaching.

Jehovah’s love for Israel and Israel’s thanklessness to Jehovah are the ideas which permeate the whole book. When Jehovah began to speak to Hosea, He said unto him, “Go take unto thee a wife of whoredom and children of whoredom; for the land doth commit great whoredom, departing from Jehovah,” so he went and took Gomer, the daughter of Diblaim. God gave a name to each of Hosea’s children and He had a purpose in it all.

There were various ways in which the Prophet presented his message. Hosea used the following: Symbolic actions and symbolic names.

The eldest child was named Jezreel, meaning judgment; the second was Loruhamah, meaning withdrawal of affection; and the third, Loammi, meaning treatment as a foreign nation.

Gomer proved faithless to her marriage vows, so Hosea learned in the bitterness of his own trial something of the unfailing love of Jehovah for Israel and something of the unfaithfulness of Israel toward Jehovah.

To some it has been a great moral difficulty to understand why God should give Hosea this command to marry Gomer; but it is clear to us that Gomer was unstained when he took her to be his wife and proved false later. Then Hosea realized that it was God’s command that he had chosen the wife who proved so faithless, and all had been ordered to teach him the lesson which he was to teach Israel. It was given in this way, as he could have learned it by no other. He did

not know these things at the time, but this was revealed to him, and he learned that this was the first step in his prophetic career.

God spoke to His prophets through events and circumstances.

This education may seem hard, but we see how it fitted Hosea for his work. Jehovah had chosen Israel to be His own people, He had brought them out of Egypt, but they had been faithless in spite of His goodness and mercy toward them. Israel sought false gods and worshipped idols. She said: "I will go after my lovers, that gave me my bread and my water, my wool and mine flax, mine oil and my drink." "For she did not know that it was I who gave her corn, wine, oil and multiplied unto her silver and gold, which they made into an image of Baal"; therefore God had determined to punish Israel. "The children of Israel shall abide many days without king, and without Prince and without pillar." But the separation shall not last forever.

We see in the book of Hosea that God's requirements were for Israel and are for us, namely: truth, lovingkindness and knowledge of God. These are the essentials which stand foremost, but Israel's conduct presents a glaring contrast to the high ideal put forth by God; and her great sin is unfaithfulness. Israel has broken the marriage vow, she is an harlot and an adulteress. The false gods for which she has deserted Jehovah are her lovers; their idolatry was a further offence. In the calves of Bethel and Dan they professed to worship God—and yet they are far from Him.

The moral corruption of the nation is universal, from the highest to the lowest—all are corrupt, and it was caused from the want of the knowledge of God.

For these sins judgment must come and is close at hand; "Samaria must bear the punishment of her guilt. The kingdom of Ephraim must be destroyed."

When our Father pronounces this terrible punishment He is moved with compassion and yearns with the tenderest affection over the guilty nation.

"How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How surrender thee Israel; mine heart is turned within me, my compassions are kindled together," but judgment is inevitable and death must come.

Jehovah's love for His children is unquenchable; if the nation must die, it will rise again. "I will go, says Jehovah, and return to my place; till they acknowledge their offenses, and seek my face. In their affection they will seek me earnestly, saying, come and let us return unto Jehovah, for He hath torn, and He will heal us; hath smitten and will bind us up."

The most touching picture of the restoration is the dialogue between the penitent people and Jehovah, with which the book closes. They approach Him with a prayer, confessing their sins, and promising no more to turn for help to worldly powers or material forces. He answers them by saying, "I will heal their backslidings, I will love them freely; for mine anger is turned away from them."

Hosea teaches throughout the book of God's love for His people, of His attitude toward them; he also lays stress upon Israel's repentance as the condition of its restoration.

Hosea predicts, further, that the children of Israel shall return and seek Jehovah, their God, and David, their King.

We have seen the prophet led through the saddest of experiences in order that he may know God's love. He has shown us a people, the people of God, upon whom kindness and mercy have been showered and yet turning away with ingratitude.

In the last chapter, the way to salvation is clearly defined, beginning with the invitation to come, come with confession, come with repentance and with consecration; and in the same

chapter are found also the promise to him who yields himself: healing, growth, beauty, fragrance.

The book closes with the following appeal: "Who is wise, that he may understand these things? prudent, that he may know them? for the ways of Jehovah are right, and the just shall walk in them; but transgressors shall fall therein."

Tommy Atkins—Substitute.

BESSIE BOONE, '09.

"Is there *nothing* just as good, dear?"

The tone was pleading and intended to be soothing, but, to Rachel, vainly trying to hold her nerves together, her aunt's soft tones were only irritating.

"No, Aunt Kate, you know nothing is 'just as good' as the girls at school and the recital and flowers and things," and Rachel lay back on the richly upholstered couch with a martyr-like expression on the face which was usually so bright. For Rachel Harrington was ordinarily cheerful under rather trying circumstances. But just when she was so deeply engrossed in the Thanksgiving recital the girls at boarding-school were to give, and after her song had been learned so perfectly that all the girls were enthusiastically declaring the medal already hers, it *was* too bad that she must give it all up for a dreadful cold and sore throat and spend Thanksgiving with dear, dull Aunt Kate, who was enough to drive a girl to distraction.

Closing her eyes and feigning sleep, Rachel peeped through her fingers and saw Aunt Kate's angular form tipping gently away. Then she sat in a straight chair by the window and forced herself to look on the dreary scene without, as a penance to her wickedness in general. There was nothing to see save gray clouds above and wet mud beneath, the picture being divided by bare trees and a dull, brown cottage near by. Not dreaming of life beneath, Rachel started as a clear, childish voice shouted in tones of friendliness, "Hello, lady, don' you wan't' play wi' me?" The speaker was a merry little lad of six, with a bold sparkle of mischief in his bright, brown eyes, and a look of careless defiance about his sturdy

little figure clad in a soiled calico blouse and worn overalls. The ragged trousers lacked at least three inches of reaching the tops of his blue, cotton socks, and his hat was a queer, black, woolen affair with a pointed crown and ragged, floppy brim.

Rachel, however, observing only the saucy smile and "adorable brown eyes," immediately raised the window and shouted hoarsely, "Hello, little man! Guess I can't play to-day—I'm sick."

"Huh! Bet you're no sicker'n I wuz. Ever had *measles*?"

"Yes, and it is awful, to be sure," responded Kate.

"Shu'd say 'tis; but ain't the good things t' eat bully; My!" and the rosy lips smacked at the happy remembrance.

"Yes, sir!" and Rachel seemed to be a six-year-old once more, just convalescing from measles and consequently "cod-dled" to her heart's content.

"Sis, she cain't play t' day, cause her eyes is sore, an' she grunts awful," volunteered the boy, looking up wistfully.

Those pleading brown eyes won her over, for Rachel declared herself to be "crazy" about little—sometimes *big*—brown-eyed boys. So, not noticing the dirty face and ragged clothes, but only the wistful, childish face uplifted to her own, she said, "Well, pard, I'd like first-rate to play with you, but since I have a cold I have to stay shut up."

The urchin's eyes opened wide, "'S big's you are?" he inquired incredulously.

"Yes, even as big as I am," was Rachel's merry response.

The boy paddled about nearer the window and slung the fish line of twine with a crooked pin at the end gaily and temptingly over a charming mud hole.

"Say, you 'c'n fish too," he said, generously offering up the precious line so dear to his boyish heart.

Rachel's hand was as eager as the little sick sister's in the

brown cottage could have been, and her face quite as full of comradeship, as she reached down for the line.

"You must come up, too, comrade," she replied, smiling brightly.

For the first time the child's manner showed a slight trace of embarrassment.

"Come," she urged. "This window is the bank, you know. You musn't stand in the pond, for that would scare the fish away. Can't you climb up?"

And, at that, eager to show his climbing skill, the little fellow bustled up so quickly that Rachel dropped the line outside.

"Gimminy crackers! What 'ave you done?" demanded the young fisherman in dire dismay at his loss, starting to slide down as hurriedly as he had come up.

"Oh, *do* wait, old fellow! I didn't mean to do it!" and Rachel really looked disturbed as she held on firmly to the boy's hand. "We'll make another 'just as good'; see if we don't." The tone was encouraging, but Tommy Atkins was shrewd and as unwilling to give up his old line for doubtful promises as Rachel was to give up the recital for something 'just as good.' "Will the string be *jest* as strong?" he inquired, shrewdly.

"Oh, yes!" Rachel assured him, and going out for a minute she returned with two charming little fishing poles with very strong lines, as was proven by Tommy's testing them.

"One is for you, the other for 'sis'," explained Rachel, handing both to the delighted boy. "And now will you tell me your name and where you live?"

"In the house 'crost yonder, an' I'm Tommy," was the ready response, for fish lines with "sure 'nough" hooks and painted poles, as well as strong lines, are great things to loosen a fellow's tongue.

"Well, Tommy," said Rachel brightly, forgetting her terrible loneliness and disappointment, "you must stay with me awhile before you go back to 'sis," and she drew the comfortable couch in front of the bright, open fire.

Tommy obediently seated himself beside her and swung his happy little legs in blissful unconsciousness of patched shoes, ragged socks or anything but the beautiful room, cozy fire and most of all fair-haired Rachel, whom, in the depths of his gallant young heart, he very tenderly called a "*Daisy*."

"Are you glad to-day is Thanksgiving, Tommy?" inquired Rachel, by way of something to say.

"Nope. What's it fur? Whose a-givin' any thanks, I'd like to know! Huh!"

If Rachel was shocked she didn't show it, but the innocent speech set her to thinking.

"Why, Tommy, don't you know it is the one day of the year set apart in which we are to give special thanks for our blessings?"

"Whoopee! Is *that* it? An' ain't *you* awful busy goin' roun' thankin' fur all these things?" and he waved his arm around the pretty room, and gave a longing whiff at the suggestive odors proceeding from Aunt Kate's dinner, now being placed on the table in the dining-room near-by.

"An' ye have good dinners with turkey and cake an' things, don't ye?" and Tommy grinned rapturously.

Then it was that, under Tommy's rosy glasses, everything was suddenly transformed from sober gray to the brightest rose. Yes, to be sure, she did have all those luxuries poor little Tommy knew only by name, and her home *was* comfortable. These thoughts made her half forget Tommy, who rose up softly and was moving to go.

"Thankee for these rods, lady. They're first-rate, and sis'n me'll be awful pleased."

"O, wait, Tommy, dear! Let's do some more things to please 'sis.' You sit here and get to work while I'm gone out a minute."

Tommy was not only willing, but delighted to comply with this request, for the task was to eat all the fruit and candy he wanted from the table near by. To be sure this would have been no slight task for even the delicate, and if Tommy objected he never murmured, but sat down and quietly ate his fill.

By this time Rachel had persuaded Aunt Kate to let her pack a generous basket for "those shiftless Atkins," as her practical aunt styled them.

Rachel carried out her plan, however, though Aunt Kate would not submit to her going over with the basket, but sent John, the colored boy, only to carry the nice things to "sis an' the rest," and to take Tommy home.

"Good-bye, lady!" called back Tommy as John was hurrying him away. "You're a brick, you is!" and flushing rosily at his elegant compliment, the little lad raised the old hat above the brown curls and gave Rachel a smile and a bow.

"Good-bye, Tom, old boy!" responded Rachel in so hearty a tone that, though the words were not what Aunt Kate styled "lady-like," they reached the depths of Tommy's lonely little heart. "Say," he called back, "*I'll* be busy givin' thanks too now. But I don't mind, 'cause these is the bless'ens you told me 'bout."

Rachel smiled through her tears as she closed the door, and Aunt Kate, seeing her beaming face, felt quite sure that the something 'just as good' had been found, though she continues to wonder that "little troublesome Tommy Atkins" could be a substitute for a Thanksgiving recital.

Reflection.

R. H. L.

Oh, when I sing I sigh to think
Of the joyful days gone by—
Childhood's days, the days long past
And gone—only memory have I!

I used to run and play at will,
No other child could merrier be;
The birds would sing a joyous song,
The blossoms grew for even me.

I oft would sit in the soft, cool shade
Of the old oak-tree in the meadow land;
The mighty branches of spring's natal green
Overhung, and sheltered the golden sand.

Down by the brook-side long I wandered,
Watching the sparkling water flow.
One tune it sang—of life's young dream—
Of childhood—now the long ago.

But there shall come another day,
“The day when dreams come true”—
When once again I shall find and know
My heart's desire, forever new!

The Story of a Soldier.

L. R. N., '10.

Yes, he was going to leave home. His mind was made up. He wasn't satisfied with the life he was leading. He had always wanted to be a soldier any way, for even when he was a boy of four years, he had played being one; and had not his father been one of the bravest in the country? Maybe if *she* had not thrown him over—oh, well, she had, and that was the end of it. He knew it would nearly break his mother's heart, and he hated to leave her, but he could not endure the thought of living the same kind of life he had lived for nineteen years, any longer. So the next morning he went down to the recruiting station and enlisted. The Medical Officer examined him, found that he filled all the necessary requirements of a soldier, and said he was just the kind of a man to make a good one. A military train was due to pass through in two days, so he decided to go on this one. When the day for his departure came, he bade his mother and sisters farewell, with many tears, and the next moment the train pulled out, amid waving of handkerchiefs, many good wishes and not a few regrets.

Fred, (for that is the name of the soldier I am telling about) had a four days journey ahead of him, and he wondered if his fellow passengers would prove amiable companions. Nothing of interest happened on the train. They had the regular soldiers' fare, and there was certainly a big difference between this and the good eating Fred had been accustomed to all his life.

He was homesick, but being such a bright, good-natured fellow, he won a number of friends, who soon dispelled his gloom, and made him forget, partly, that he was leaving all

that was dear to him. On the fourth day he reached his destination and marched to the camp.

A year has passed, in which Fred has changed greatly. He has grown handsomer, if such a thing was possible, and the boyish face has taken on the nobler look of the man. He writes home constantly, but not one word has he heard from *Her* since he left. He wonders if she has regretted the harsh words she spoke in her anger; the words which had separated them. He was thinking of all these things one night, when, suddenly, he heard the sharp blasts of the bugle, calling them to battle. He was dressed in a minute, and falling in line with his comrades, rushed to the field of battle. Fred had turned out to be one of the most alert, courageous soldiers in his company, and now his courage did not fail him, but he pressed bravely forward to the front ranks. He had been fighting for about an hour when he felt something strike him in his chest. Then, he knew no more until one morning he found himself lying on a cot with a surgeon bending over him. "Never mind, lad," he said, "your wound is not fatal and you will be up in two or three weeks."

Three weeks later he was sitting out in the warm sunshine, thinking of home, and wondering if she (Evelyn) had seen the account of the battle in which his name had been among the wounded, and if she had cared. If he could only have known how much sorrow this very fact had caused her, how glad his heart would have been! He was completely lost in these reveries, for when a hand slapped him on the shoulder he started. On looking up, he saw it was his kind captain, who had come to bring his furlough; and oh, what a joyful feeling came over him when he realized he was going home again after two years absence. He did not write his people he was coming, but thought to surprise them. So the next day he started. The four days seemed an interminable length of time, but, finally, his home town was called out at

the next stop, and with bounding heart he stepped off the train and began walking towards home. How familiar everything seemed! Nothing had changed since he had been gone. At length he found himself at his own gate. He turned in, sprang up the steps, through the front door, and, hearing voices in the sitting-room, immediately went in. What looks of joy and surprise were turned on the handsome, manly figure! They jumped up, and in a minute he was kissed, hugged and questioned, so that he could hardly get his breath. He had found his mother and sisters well, and he should have been happy; still, there was something lacking. Would Evelyn have a glad welcome for him?

That night he went to see her. He rang the bell, and asked if Miss Evelyn was in. Yes, she was. "Just walk into the parlor, and she will be down in a minute," said the maid. He could hear his own heart beating so fast, for he heard her step just outside the door. His first look told him that everything had been forgiven and forgotten, and to prove this, she threw herself into his outstretched arms.

The Chatterbox.

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All former students, alumnae and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items to our columns. All contributions, accompanied by the writer's name, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

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MOLLIE STEPHENSON, '09, . Y W C A. HELEN EARNHARDT, '08, . . . Exchange.
BERNICE HORNADAY, '08.

Editorial.

By the time this issue of THE CHATTERBOX returns from the press and makes its appearance in public, the grim specter which now makes its presence felt everywhere, hovering over all—Examinations—will have been numbered with the things of the past. Old students will be rejoicing in the knowledge of new victories, added to the list of old ones already long; and new students will have gained the additional prize of a new experience. They will know what it means to have had real, sure-enough examinations at college. And just here, perhaps, an after-thought is in order. It might more profitably have been said *before* examinations, perhaps; but then they say one's foresight is rarely so good as one's hind-sight. It is the same thought so aptly summed up in a proverb of the popular type: "Never cross a bridge until you come to it." If a girl has done her work all through the term hon-

estly, faithfully, conscientiously, she need have no real fear as to the ultimate outcome; and even if she has not done her best, are worry and fear and anxiety likely to help the matter? We worry too much about things that are not really essential. Let us learn to put out of our lives the useless things, for unless we do, we shall have just so much less of time and energy to spend on the things that really make life worth while.

Another thing—from these same mid-year examinations it may not be our fate to reap a golden harvest of 9.9's and 10's; but at least we may gain from them moral strength and determination. A grade that falls below the pass-mark is infinitely more to be desired than the highest mark in the class gained at the sacrifice of honor. Let us make and keep our standards of truth and honor high. In the bright lexicon of Littleton College girls, there's no such word as cheating!

P. W. C. A.

MOLLIE M. STEPHENSON, 09.

Even before the last issue of THE CHATTERBOX went to press, Mrs. Rhodes, Miss Nutt, Misses Edith Simmons and Ruth Lanham had departed for Rock Hill to represent us at the Young Woman's Christian Association Convention at that place. They were gladly welcomed back December the third. The whole trip was thoroughly enjoyed by them, as they proved in their reports the next Sunday night. We are greatly encouraged as to what this able representation will mean to our Association. As one result of it we are planning to begin some extension work soon.

The interest of a service not long ago was greatly increased by a beautiful solo, "Face to Face," by Miss Edith Simmons.

A quartet, "Sunset and Evening Star," so sweetly rendered by Misses Florrie Ferguson, Alberta Aiken, Vela Walker and Luola Gay, added much to the service last Sunday. Our Music Committee is rapidly improving.

On two days—Monday and Friday—of every week the evening chapel services are led by members of the Association. Various members have been leading every day for the last week. Strengthening subjects have been chosen.

Realizing the "vital necessity of prayer," the whole student body has been divided into bands or circles of about fifteen in number, which have some certain part of each day set apart for a little prayer service—some meet early in the morning, others late at night.

Sunday night is the time for a temperance meeting; but as it is the last meeting of the year we will have a "Christmas Message." Miss Mary Swindell is to lead. Miss Green will tell us what Christmas is and Miss Anderson will give a temperance talk. The special music for the evening is a "Christmas song" by the Association choir.

Exchange Department.

HELEN EARNHARDT, Editor.

Nothing to say, exchanges! Nothing at all to say!
That's the way journals generally are, when coming round
our way.
But that ain't the way with all of them when magazines they
do see;
Yet here I am, and there you are; and your criticism—where
is she?

You all look like you used to: pretty much the same in size,
About the same material—according to my eyes:
But me—you don't notice me, but yet I am going to stay;
Yet I am expected to criticise you! But I haven't got nothing
to say!

CHATTERBOX! As good a journal as ever was found—
There's a mote in your eye somewhere—but I'll get it out—
turn round—
(Your magazine was just half as good as ours, when first it
went its way).
And now, nothing to say, exchanges! Nothing at all to say!

Abroad.

EDITH B. SIMMONS, '09.

Great Money Panic.

The country is now passing through a money panic, a great financial crisis. It began last January, but did not become pronounced until last march. In all directions prices, rates and wages are falling. So many men are out of work and so great is the exodus of workmen to Europe that, for two weeks, the steamships have been unable to carry those applying for steerage passage. Currency famines of the past have been of short duration. The financial crisis will end only when the rapid fall in prices of securities ceases, and when the demand for credit capital has decreased so that the rate of interest is not so much above normal.

Naval Depart- ment.

During the War of the Revolution there was a good navy but no Navy Department at that time. Under the first Federal Government of 1789 both the army and the navy were placed under the jurisdiction of the War Department. No steps to create a fleet were taken until 1794, when the troubles with Algiers moved Congress to authorize the building of six frigates.

The organization, authority, and importance of the young Navy Department in 1798 was very different from the present department, which has 300 vessels of all classes and more than 40,000 officers and men under its control. The United States Navy at the present is the second in the world, that of England only surpassing it.

Migrations of Labor.

The modern migrations of peoples surpass, in intensity and extent, the migrations of olden times. They tear whole generations out of their native soil and transplant whole nations in foreign territory.

**Spread of
Temperance.**

It is not alone in the South that the anti-saloon sentiment is spreading. Oklahoma has been added to the prohibition States by popular vote, and in Ohio, Connecticut, and in many other States the legalized saloon is being banished over a wider and wider area. The number of persons resident in dry territory is now estimated to be 33,000,000 as against 18,355,000 seven years ago. A great part of this work has been accomplished by quiet and steady work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and various temperance societies.

**Rural
Progress.**

One of the most notable developments of the past five years is the movement of the American city toward the country. This does not mean that the stream of emigration has been reversed, but that the spirit of the city is being carried into the rural districts—over telephone wires, and in trolley cars and automobiles, and in the rural mail wagons.

The Approach. From the present outlook the approaching session of Congress will be the most noteworthy since the Civil War. Certainly no Congress in recent history has had to deal with so many complex domestic problems as will confront the coming Congress.

Automobiles. The two annual exhibits of automobiles held this winter and last in New York City, were perhaps the most impressive that have taken place in the history of the motor car in America. The product for the season of 1908 proves that the American automobile industry is rapidly approaching the mark of perfection.

Experiments with the Starfish. Dr. Herbert S. Jennings, a professor in Johns Hopkins University, has made experiments in training starfish to turn somersaults and to do other queer tricks. It was found that twelve lessons proved enough to make the starfish know what to do, so long as the experimenter was near; but in the absence of the experimenter the starfish refused to make use of the acquired habits.

Among Us.

PAULINE HERRING, OS.

—Christmas holidays are over and the New Year of 1908 is before us. Leap year, too, girls; then

“ Let us all be up and doing
With a heart for any lad;
We're achieving; they're pursuing
To be disappointed, oh, how sad ! ”

—We extend a hearty welcome to the large number of new girls that have come in since the holidays, and hope that each one will find that this is the place for her.

—Miss Nolie York, a member of the Senior class, was sent to the hospital at Norfolk a few days ago to have an operation performed for appendicitis. We wish her success through the operation and hope that she may soon be able to resume her work here.

—Miss Green, of the Faculty, who went home to spend the holidays, was taken with an attack of grippe while there. We hope to see her with us again soon.

—We are sorry to learn that our nurse, Miss Cushwa, will not be with us during the remainder of the term.

—There is much ado in the college about examinations which are on now for the coming week. Let us hope and try to win out through each one.

Y. W. C. A. CHRISTMAS TREE.—In the distance faint jingles of sleigh bells were heard, and as the sounds grew louder and louder the crowd gathered in the social hall to give a welcome to Santa Claus, and hailed his coming with shouts of joy—such shouts as are heard only at Christmas

time. Santa soon made his appearance and with him his wife and four children, all covered with snow, but smiling and making all feel happy. It is not often that his family is allowed to go with him; but you see, this being a little early in the season, the sixteenth of December, he was not so busy, so could very well look out for them and tend to his business too. They went immediately to a large Christmas tree, which was well loaded with gifts; and though it seemed too bad that anything so beautiful should be torn down, Santa began taking off the presents and calling them out, while his children delivered them to the happy girls and teachers, who had been remembered by their friends in the college. Santa often caused much mirth by not being able to pronounce the names correctly, and then, too, he is a jolly old soul and kept saying something amusing. As I have said, the tree was loaded with presents, but not one moment of the time was allowed to be dull, for after many of the presents had been received, Santa suggested that his baby girl should recite for the crowd while he rested. She stepped out—a tiny girl with short hair. It seems that one so young would have hesitated, but she seemed to fully realize her ability to please the crowd. She was a picture in her bobbing white skirt and large white sash. Though she could hardly speak plainly, her recitation was enjoyed by all, and each wished it had been longer. Santa then again began calling out the presents, while his children, blowing their horns, got busy again delivering them. Soon the last Christmas gift was taken from the tree, and now another delight was in store. Refreshments were served to all, and each one surely seemed to enjoy this part. One of the events of the evening was a toast given by Miss Auten, Director of Music, to the girls who were to go home, and this was answered by a toast, by Miss Moore, to those who were going to stay. Santa now called all his family together and told them to get ready to

depart, for there were millions of others to be made happy. They looked as if they wished they could stay a little longer, but with a smiling face Santa Claus departed, his family following him. Again a jingle of sleigh bells, but this time they told that the happy evening was at a close.

—On the evening of the eleventh of January the college family was entertained by the Hyperion Literary Society, the play being a presentation of one of the *Idylls of the King, Guinevere*. Miss Carson Farrar made a beautiful queen, and Miss Helen Earnhardt as handsome a king. Miss Harriss, the little novice, too, performed her part well. The soft music, the dim lights, the nuns, and the room where the scene was enacted, did much toward bringing out the beauty of the play.

Have You Heard the Latest?

BERNICE HORNADAY, '08.

Essie Taylor: "What are they doing in Miss Roe's room?"

Ethel Ward: "Stewing alcohol."

* * *

Mary Ferguson, after coming from a Physical Geography examination, exclaims: "I will be glad when twelve o'clock comes, for then I will know whether I have failed or *flunked*."

* * *

First Girl: "Will we go on class the morning before we go home?"

Second Girl: "Yes, but we won't have to study, for we will have fifteen bells to a minute" (meaning fifteen minute periods).

* * *

Miss Rone: "Tell me all you know about the Nile River."

Pupil: "Rises in the east and sets in the west."

* * *

Mattie R.: "Wish I had some mince-meat pies."

Lizzie T.: "An' me, too, 'specially ham pies."

* * *

Prep.: "What is that in that dish?"

Sub. Fresh.: "Mulberry sauce," (cranberry).

* * *

Pauline H. is much disturbed because she fears the ground is going to melt.

* * *

First Teacher: "Mrs. R. says she hopes Miss Anderson can find time to paint Miss Veach's marriage certificate for a Christmas present, like the one downstairs in the Reception Hall."

Second Teacher: "What! like the one, 'She hath done what she could?'"

Pupil, to librarian: "Please tell me where I can find something about Rudyard Kipling."

Librarian, with an innocent air: "*Was* he a North Carolinian?"

* * *

Garnette Crocker wants to know if this year is the last year in twentieth century.

* * *

First Girl: "What day of the month does Sunday come on?"

Second Girl: "Why Monday, of course."

* * *

A Junior was asked: "What is the difference between apprehend and comprehend?" She knowingly replied:

"Apprehend means apprehend, and I know if I can't understand anything I certainly can't comprehend it! Don't ask me anything else."

* * *

First Senior: "Aren't the Central Academy colors black and orange?"

Second Senior: "Indeed they are not! They are black and yellow."

* * *

Science Teacher: "Miss Ross, describe a comet."

Miss Ross: "Some comets have long tails and some have short, bushy tails."

* * *

Miss Ghertrude Stanfield, while reading Latin, exclaims: "Everything I look for is a man."

* * *

Miss Cogdell, after talking of Queen Elizabeth and Mary, (Queen of Scots): "Now, Miss Pulliam, let Cleo tell about Mary Jane" (meaning Lady Jane Gray).

* * *

Miss Jenkins: "What is the plural of goose-quill?"

Hope: "Geese-quill—I suppose."

Soph (looking at a pennant with Greek letters on it):
 "What kind of letters are those on that pennant?"

Fresh (with an all-knowing air): "Why, *Goose*, they are French letters!"

Senior: "Well, you are a still bigger goose, for they are Greek letters."

* * *

A New Girl asks: "Can we 'phone to New York on the two-and-a-quarter cent law?"

* * *

Miss Reel: "I certainly do want to read the *Lady of the Independence*" (Decoration).

* * *

One Senior to Another: "Nolie, did you know that Saturn travels at a rate of 55,000 miles an hour?"

Mattie, a Freshman: "For goodness sakes, don't check its speed, for at that rate Christmas will be here in a little while."

* * *

Miss Emma Taylor has made the wonderful discovery that the ground is covered with earth.

* * *

Teacher: "What are Pyramids?"

Pupil: "Oh! they are fertile spots of land."

* * *

Miss Pulliam: "Tell me what you know about the structure of the Greek amphitheatre."

Pupil: "Well—er—they have benches put 'round in a ring for the inspectors—those that come to see—to sit."

* * *

Teacher: "What is Wallace's line?"

Pupil: "It is something like a 'possum. Oh! it's a kangaroo; it is an animal that carries its eggs in its pocket."

* * *

New Girl (packing up to go home for Christmas vacation):
 "I really might as well get my microscope and begin to pack!"

Wanted !

Wanted: To know if there is such a thing as fickleness.—
(E. H.)

Wanted: The college recipe for making cheese-toast.—
(Student body.)

Wanted: To know why Miss Pratt is so fond of Nutts.

Wanted: The Seniors to make haste and graduate.—
(Juniors.)

Wanted: To know if it has gone out of style for Freshmen to entertain Juniors.

Wanted: To know if English teachers are ever sentimental.—(B. B.)

Wanted: To know why they don't put L. F. C. on all the new silverware.

Wanted: To know why Miss Stanfield wants the moon to shine.

Wanted: To know why May Spence has changed her favorite song from "Waltz me round again *Billie*" to "I have a longing for you in my heart, *Louise*."

Wanted: To know why it is that every one who wants the inmates of room No. 74 has to go to No. 35 for them.

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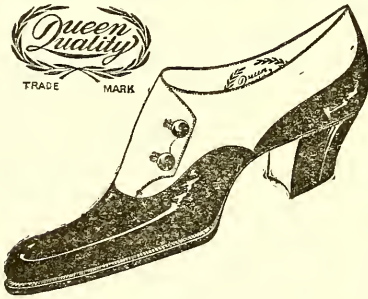
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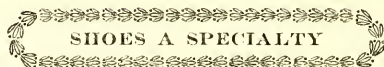
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